

Nightfury Royals

by Essence of Change

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Summary: Nightfury's are the most dangerous dragons, they are seen as one of the strongest specie, and like each dragon specie, there are those named Royals. Those search for their Riders, and Bond with them. This is such story, between 2 Riders and 2 Royals.

1. Chapter 00 - prologue

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It was a stormy night, the ship swinging from left to right and back. The men on deck doing everything in their power to continue on safely.

Their leader was under decks muttering encouraging words in Finish while her friend continued whining, both females unaccustomed to the circumstances they where in. The older girl, just turned 16, told her companion to stay down, while she was going upstairs to her men. Once upstairs she saw her men doing their best to sail to an isle a few miles north-west. Shouting out orders which were barely understandable over the wind she told the ship's warriors to keep their course, and secure everything that was still on deck, including themselves. Her reddish-brown hair whipped out of it's restraint, blocking her sight even further than the rain was already doing.

While the wind was forming tears in the crew's eyes the girl kept staring ahead of herself to the isle. The last isle where they could be. Praying to the Gods that this hell wouldn't be for nothing, she watched as the ship sailed further. A loud crack could be heard above their heads, a small smile played on the leaders lips. Because Thor would lead her to one of his sons, just as he had led his daughter to her. She watched as the sails and flag were lit by the lightning, the white sails a powerful contrast to the blue and black flag above it. No, she and her people wouldn't back down before they found the two males: one had long since left their home and the other new to their

ways.

A short high-pitched scream caught her attention and made her go downstairs where she curled up with the one girl she ever thought of as 'sister', as they dozed off with the sounds of rain, thunder and lightning, all droned out by the sound of a hummed lullaby, shared between the two sisters as the men entered the isle's dock in the middle of this stormy night.

2. Chapter 01 - Arrival at Berk

It was early in the morning after a storm-filled slumber when one Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Third saddled his best friend Toothless the Night Fury for an early morning flight around Berk. While most people and dragons were still sleeping, the two boys got ready to take off in the air. Hiccup was stifling a yawn that was the cause of a multiple-thunder-and-lightning-interrupted sleep while Toothless gained altitude when he saw a ship docked in their haven, one that wasn't one of theirs, nor one of the neighborhood tribes, for he had never seen a ship sail under a flag with black Night Fury's against a blue background.

"Come on bud, we have to let Dad and the others know this otherwise there will be so much trouble for all of us." Hiccup patted his dragon before landing on the ground before Astrid Hofferson's house. Knowing that the girl would probably be up by now he knocked on her windowsill.

"What? Hiccup?" asked a groggy looking blonde as soon as her head popped out. "Sorry, no time. A ship has docked and I have no idea if this people will be dragon-friendly. I need you to warn the others as soon as you can, I'll warn Dad." before she could answer Hiccup had already flown off towards the hill his house stood on, ready to wake and inform his Dad and Chief just as said Viking stepped through the door. "Dad!" Hiccup shouted. "Dad, there's a ship at the docks, I don't recognize the tribe the crest belongs to, but the crest is 2 Night Fury's. What if they're here to kill?" Hiccup asked panicky at his father. Even after two years the teen still had nightmares of losing Toothless and the other dragons to bloodthirsty, dragon-hating Vikings that came to visit Berk. "Calm down boy. Have you warned the other riders?" asked the Chief. Stoick 'The Vast' Haddock was an impressive looking man with red hair and beard, standing strong at over 6 feet and the Chief of the Hairy Hooligan tribe.

"I asked Astrid to tell the others. Dad, all the dragons have to go hide, now! How are we going to get all of them in the woods or Academy before the men on the ship get on shore and go on a killing rampage!" panicked Hiccup, armed failing wide. "You're done?" asked Stoick as soon as Hiccup deflated. "Yeah, I think so." answered the Heir out of breath. "Good. Get the others' dragons in the Cove and Toothless upstairs, you are coming with me to welcome the other tribe. Meet me down at the docks as soon as you're done." instructed the Chief. With a nod from his son he walked down the hill to wake up his brother Spitcloud and friend Gobber, for he would need them for distraction if this tribe was set on killing dragons.

In the meantime Hiccup and Toothless were bounding to the other Dragon Riders houses to tell them the plan. The 16 ½ year old boy was nervous. Yes, Dagur was defeated and of course Alvin couldn't do

anything with the peace treaty still in tact. The other neighborhood tribes were allies, so they wouldn't do anything even remotely stupid if they could help it. But if it was one of the allied tribes, wouldn't he have recognized the flag's crest? Because of the worry flooding his mind he didn't even see the other riders standing in the Plaza until Toothless abruptly stopped, so he almost flew out his saddle.

"Hiccup, you alright?" asked a bulky, blonde teen named Fishlegs Ingerman from top of his dragon, a Gronkle named Meatlug. "Why are we even up this early?" whined Snotlout Jorgenson, a muscled teen with black hair who was standing on the ground besides a red Monsterous Nightmare named Hookfang. "That's something I would like to know Hiccup." said Astrid Hofferson, one of the two girls their age in their tribe. She had blonde hair in a braid with a fringe hanging before the left of her blue colored eyes. Her blue Deadly Nadder, Stormfly gave a cackle of what sounded as agreement.

"There is a ship from an unknown tribe down in the docks, the dragons have to hide in the forest, bring a couple to the Cove and others deeper into the woods. I don't want any dragon killed by them if we can help it." explained Hiccup. "Why does it sound like you want us to do this without you?" asked the female twin Ruffnut Thorston from her Hideous Zippleback-head called Barf. Tuffnut Thorston, the male twin, looked down from Belch's head at Hiccup for a disagreement with what his sister said. Hiccup wouldn't let them do that alone, would he?

"That is, Ruffnut, because that is what I want you to do. I need to get Toothless up in my room so I can accompany Dad with greeting the tribe. Like it or not, I'm to be the Chief one day. Better leave a good impression." he chuckled humorless. Clapping in his hands he continued, "Alright I want all dragons out of the village as soon as possible, ask their riders to help you. Astrid, inform me as soon as you're back. No slacking of" he glared at the Twins who were fighting again, but stopped as soon as Hiccup looked at them, "because I don't want any dragon killed. So, what are you all waiting for? GO!" With that order the other teens began gathering all of the village's dragons.

Hiccup ran to the docks as soon as he had hid Toothless in his room, which was quite a difficult task in itself with how protective his brother was. "Not that he doesn't have all reason to be overprotective." muttered Hiccup. In 2 years they had battled the Red Death, Alvin the Treacherous, Dagur the Deranged, Whispering and Screaming Deaths, had he jumped off of multiple cliffs and had had many other near-death experiences.

"Hiccup, good to see ya lad." Gobber greeted him as soon as he stepped on the docks. "If you hadn't been up at the crack of day, we would have dead dragons by now. You never know with us Vikings." he boosted, swinging his hook-hand. "I agree, my friend," said Stoick "We can't have anyone killing dragons, especially visiting tribes. We don't want an repeat of chief Dagur's first visit." A cold shudder raced over their backs.

>"Hehe, sorry to disappoint," all 4 man turned to face one of the ship's occupants "but only idiots and people with a death wish will try to kill a dragon."
"Yep, only idiots,"

"or people with a death wish,"

"or idiots with a death wish, those are hopeless."

"But they are fun to mess with."

both boys snickered.

Before the 4 Berkians stood 3 men. One was almost as high as Stoick, who looked to be in his early thirties with brown hair. He wore a brown-red tunic with a sword on his belt and black leggings with brown, fur boots. Behind him stood 2 twin boys, early twenties, on the ship's railing. One had short ginger hair where the other's reached his shoulders. The one with long hair wore a light-blue tunic and the one with short hair a dark blue one, the color matching their twins' eyes. Both were wearing brown leggings with lots of knives and daggers on their belt between leather pouches, wearing black fur boots. On their belt buckles stood the same crest as on the ship's flag. "Sooo, your not going to kill any of our dragons?" asked Hiccup who had recovered first.

"Nope."

"We rather face a whole armada"

"without weapons"

"with bound hands"

"than kill a dragon"

"and face our leader."

both twins, and the bigger man, shuddered with horrified expressions on their faces. Hiccup was confused, if the older man was the leader, why was he scared?

"Why so scared big man? Aren't you the leader?" asked Spitelout. 3 booming laughs answered him. When the older man calmed down he explained that he was second in command, not the leader. "Our leader earned that place. We don't just look who is the bulkiest."

"Well, why isn't your leader here." asked Stoick.

"I'm not gonna wake them." yelled the twins simultaneous.

"It's Finn's time anyway. Wake him, he wakes them, and then we can eat." said the brunet man. The Berkians watched bemused as the twins scrambled off the railing. "Not a morning person." the second in command answered seeing the questioning stares.

Then an earsplitting scream is heard. "Nightfury." Hiccup breathed out. "Nope, that would be Freja. I told you, not a morning person."

"Get out, get out, GET OUT!" Freja screamed to Finn. "But the Chief of Berk is here." the boy stammered. 2 pair of eyes widened. "Why didn't you say that!" shrieked the oldest female before she stormed out.

Her brown leather boots stomped on the deck making the man scramble

out of her way. "Finn said the Chief was here?" she questioned Varko. Then she noticed the men standing behind her second-in-command. She jumped off deck before the stunned men. She inhaled deeply "No. 2, no 3 Terrors. A Terror and lingering Thunderdrum. ...pine. A Dark Ryder." she breathed out. "How didya..?" asked the blond man "Comes with the years." the young women shrugged.

She observed the youngest man, who smelled like her. Pine. He had wild auburn hair and the greenest of eyes she had only seen by one other before in a face full of freckles. He was wearing a long green tunic, leggings and a fur boot, for his left leg was a prosthetic made of wood and metal. "Interesting choices you make." she commented.

"The leg wasn't really a choice." said the young man. His voice made delicious shivers course over her back.

"From what I heard, it was. You _chose_ to fight the Red Death. You _chose_ to help the people of the tribe that shunned you. You _chose_ to fly up to defeat her. In my eyes, your leg is a choice you made."

"How did you even know?" he stammered. "Terrors, they like to chat. Takes you a while to understand what they're chattering about though." behind her Varko snickered. "Oh, hush you." she huffed, crossing her arms over her chest.

She watched amused as the other men tried to pull themselves back together. "Wait, your the leader? You're a girl!" the Thunderdrum man exclaimed. "I take it you've never seen a female Chief before." she raised one of her eyebrows subconsciously. 4 men shook their head in denial and 1 shook his head in amusement, although she couldn't see that.

"So, where is Anvindr anyway? I thought he would stay close to you, with everything you two did the last 2 years." "Anvindr?" 4 voices asked. Freja's eyes widened. "You mean he didn't tell you his name? But that's one of the first things you do when you meet your Ryder. Well, after you teach them how to understand you, that is." she said more to herself than the others.

3. Chapter 02 - Confusion on Berk

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The Berkians stood and stared at her while she continued to talk to herself.

'I think ya lost them Chief.' said Varko. 'Huh?' the young Chieftess looked up, Oh, I guess so.' She snapped her fingers in front of their faces, shocking them out of their staring.

'How about we go discuss' Hiccup hesitates a few seconds, 'all this, in the Chief's House.' 'Sure. But we haven't introduced ourselves yet, I believe. I'm Chieftess Freja of the Night Ryder tribe in the Draconius Archipelago. This is my Second-in-Command Varko.' Freja introduces. 'I'm Chief Stoick of the Hairy Hooligans, this is my Right Hand man and village blacksmith Gobber, and that is my brother and Second-in-Command Spitlout.' gesturing to the 2

Viking men beside him, ''And apparently you already know my son and Heir, Hiccup.'' ''Indeed. If you don't mind, I would like to bring my 'sister' with us.'' Receiving a confirming nod, she raises her fingers to her mouth to give a shrill whistle. Following the painful sound are heavy thumps and surprised cries from the other man on board. The sound got closer until finally a dragon jumped of the ship and on the dock.

''I ****knew**** there was a Night Fury!'' exclaimed Hiccup joyfully. Varko laughed heartily at that. ''Not surprising. May I introduce you to Ilta, my dragon and sister.'' Ilta gives a friendly warble, much like Toothless did. But she looked different. For one her eyes were bi-colored. The left was purple and the right was blue. This revealed to be true for Freja too after another look. The next difference was that grey scales colored her back and the bottom of her wings. Hiccup also noted that she was a few inches smaller than Toothless, both in height and length.

''Ilta, this is Hiccup, Anvindr's Ryder, though he calls him Toothless. The others are his father Stoick, his uncle Spitloud and his mentor Gobber. We're going to discuss some things in Hiccup and his dad's house, alright?'' the girl explained to her dragon, who gave a nod and a happy yip-like sound.

''Varko, can you get the men settled in? Of course, if that is alright with you, Chief Stoick.'' ''I don't see why not.'' Stoick agreed. ''Spitloud, help them settle in and make sure they're supplied with what they need.'' he directed. ''Aye, Stoick.'' the Chief's brother agreed, before moving to discuss things with Varko. ''Shall we go then?'' Gobber asked them. ''Of course,'' Freja agreed smiling, ''lead the way please.

* * *

><p>When they walked into the plaza, most Vikings were confused. They had been warned at the crack of dawn that a dragon killing tribe had come to, well, kill their dragons and that they had to hide them all. But there, there was a girl walking beside the Pride of Berk with a Night Fury beside her. Most realized that Toothless didn't have grey scales, which meant that this was another Night Fury. Most likely belonging to the girl.<p>

Suddenly the girl and dragon stopped. The dragon was shaking its head and sneezing, while the girl was clutching her head and was swaying.

* * *

><p>Hiccup faltered in his steps when he noticed Freja and Ilta stopped, turning to look at them he saw Freja clutching her head and he heard her let out a whimper while Ilta was shaking her head and sneezing. ''Are you alright, what's wrong, do you need a healer?'' he asked quickly. ''No, no. We're fine. It's just that we don't often go to the Center back home. That's where all different kinds of dragons live. At the other islands, the dragons that make their home there are kind of the same. Remember on the dock, how I could tell you what kind of dragon was yours?'' he nodded ''Well, that comes because I have a heightened sense of smell. All these different dragons have very different scents, which is overwhelming if you're used to a certain kind of smell. We'll be fine in a while, promise.'' She

smiled at him. ''Alright, but if it gets to much, you need to tell me. Alright?'' ''Alright.'' they smiled at each other.<p>

''Come on, you two. Things aren't going to be discussed if you stand in the plaza all day.'' Berk's Chief called out to them. Hiccup and Freja smiled apologetic at Stoick before hurrying after him and Gobber.

Meanwhile the other Riders stood mystified, watching Hiccup with a new girl and another Night Fury. They were all thinking the same: ''**What,**in the name of Odin, was going on?''

* * *

><p>AN**

A huge thank you to all who decided to fav and follow this story, and a huge apology for not updating. I wrote this on a whim once and didn't think I could ever get a lot more thought up, let alone written down for it. So thank you all, and let's hope that I get more inspiration.

Bonus:

Meanwhile the other Riders stood mystified, watching Hiccup with a new girl and another Night Fury. They were all thinking the same: ''**What,**in the name of Odin, was going on?''

All, except Tuffnut and Snotlout, who where thinking about how they could get the new girl's attention. ''She's so hot.'' they both mumbled, lost in their fantasies. This earned the a slap to the face and a strike with a hammer to the head from Astrid and Ruffnut.

End
file.